

The World.

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 55 to 59
J. ANGLUS SHAW, Pres. and Treas. JOSEPH PULITZER, Jr., Secy.
63 Park Row.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter.
Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and
Canada: One Year, \$3.50; Six Months, \$2.00; Three Months, \$1.00.
For Foreign and All Countries Outside the United States and
Canada: One Year, \$6.00; Six Months, \$3.50; Three Months, \$2.00.
One Month, \$0.75.

VOLUME 52. NO. 18,300

"TAMMANY'S GRAVE."



This historic site is in New Britain township, and it is probable that an imposing and permanent monument will replace the loose stones piled there more than half a century ago to mark the spot.

The Tammany Society of New York City was originally instituted in 1789 as the Columbian Order, with Columbus as its patron saint. But Columbus controlled little or no patronage, so a few years later they adopted Tammany, whose name was popularly corrupted to its present form. This big Indian is believed to have been a contemporary of William Penn. However, there were apocryphal histories of Tammany even a hundred years ago, and these represented him as a friend of Washington and a veteran of the Revolutionary War. On this basis it ought to be easy to figure out pension claims for his descendants to-day.

If the Pennsylvania memorial does not particularly interest New Yorkers, the Wanamaker Indian for New York harbor ought to, and doubtless will. Last month a Congressional bill passed the House providing for the erection here of such a statue by Rodman Wanamaker as "a suitable memorial to the North American Indian." Tammany will hardly take more than the merest platonic interest in this project, though, as the monument is to be erected upon a Government reservation without expense to the Government, the site to be selected by the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy, and a Congressional committee will superintend the construction, subject to the approval of the Commission of Fine Arts.

JOHN D.'S FIRST JOB.



HE advice offered in a recent Evening World editorial about "Giving One's Self a Job" helped John D. Rockefeller fifty-six years ago. On the 26th of September every year he raises the Stars and Stripes over his house to celebrate the anniversary of the day when he was hired to work for another man, or firm, for the first and only time in his life. He became a bookkeeper in the forwarding and commission house of Hewitt & Tuttle on the river, and it took a year of working early and late, seeing everything, forgetting nothing, and never talking, before his salary was advanced to \$25 a month. Then he began to save money, and before another year he had gone into business for himself. The rest is silence, with the exception of a few vague platitudes as to "thrift and industry combined with business skill."

This is very good as far as it goes, though one cannot but regret that in order to get any self-help advice from John D. it is necessary to hark back fifty-six years, to times which everybody and everything has outlived, and when the Rockefeller financial standing was not similar to that which impresses us to-day.

As it is, the moral of Mr. Rockefeller's little reminiscence would seem to read: "Be faithful, honest, industrious and discreet, and the company may raise your salary to \$25 a month."

Letters From the People

"Walking Weather."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
For the next six weeks or more it will be ideal "walking weather" on clear days. The more long, brisk walks people take the seldomer they will need a doctor. In winter or in summer the weather is bad for such walks. But now is the time for them. Walk tired (not exhausted), keeping the lips closed, breathing slowly and deeply, keeping the chest out and the shoulders squared. If in the country and walking alongside a railroad track, there is a good rule to learn your rate of speed. The number of rails you pass in twenty seconds will represent the number of miles an hour you are walking.

BROOKLYN PHYSICIAN.
The "Pistol Law."
To the Editor of The Evening World:
The pistol law is a fine one. And I hope it won't be a farce. Concealed weapons are no more needed in this age than are swords. And if the law is rigidly enforced it will mean a tremendous saving of life as well as a dawn of better days. What do others say?
C. L.

The Broken E-String.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can some musician explain why the E string of a violin almost always breaks before it is tuned up to its highest? Just as soon as I put the bow to the string it snaps. I use strings which are supposed to be very good. To tune the violin I use a pitch pipe, used also for the mandolin. I hope experts will tell me some way to remedy this defect.
H. M.

Chances in the Argentine.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My friend and myself, both young men twenty-six years old, with fair educations, are going to the Argentine Republic with \$12,000 or \$14,000 between us, as we hear that Argentina is a very

progressive and up-to-date country and offers plenty of inducements for hustlers. Will some one who has been to Argentina please tell us of his experience and add whatever information he thinks of value? Others will be interested.
EDWARD P.

A "Tip" Discussion.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I have always heard that 10 per cent. of the purchase was an ample tip (10 cents tip on a dollar dinner, etc.). But once or twice I have seen waiters look down and surly at such a tip. They seemed to expect more. We have discussed this and we leave it to your readers. Also, if 10 per cent. is enough tip for a waiter, why is it not enough for a barber, readers? Yet a four-cent tip for forty cents' worth of shave and haircut would be, possibly, how about that? Also, if you tip a barber and waiter, why not "go the whole hog" of idleness and tip the butcher, the clerk, the grocer and the car conductor.
Z. MILES JR.

Part Time Pupils.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read with interest about the "part time" pupils. This country's keynotes is Equality. What equality is there in one pupil getting a full education while the boy next door gets only half? We can spend money like water on things that add to our city's outer splendor and pomp. Why not cut down every useless expense until every child has accommodations and teachers for full time study? Education is our nation's backbone. We seem to be leaving a lot of gaps in that backbone. "Part time" pupils is a crime against education, against progress, against civilization, against justice, against justice. What do more law-abiding readers say to this? I'd like to hear their views.
Mrs. S.

"They Shan't Hurt You!"

By Rolf Pielke



The Jarr Family



By ROLF PIELKE

Mr. Jarr Has a Grievance That Is Hard to Unload

With measured calmness. "But I do object to the vernacular of the gutter being used in the home. 'Guys' and 'boobs' and 'simps' indeed! You never hear Mr. Dinkston use such terms. You sneer at Mr. Dinkston, and yet you would do well to emulate his choice of diction."

"I suppose you mean I ought to talk like Dink?" replied Mr. Jarr. "I ought to look like him, too, and be a boob, and I should act like him, too, and be a sponge and a loafer?"

"It would be well for you to copy his good qualities before you sneer at his bad ones," said Mrs. Jarr. "He may be all you say and yet he is erudite and his conversation has great charm. You'll have to admit that."

"It charms me out of the price of a drink every time he gets at me and unloads it on me," admitted Mr. Jarr. "But I don't see how this conversation gets sidetracked from something I've been trying to say. When I said this town was full of boobs and simps I wasn't alluding to Michael Angelo Dinkston any more than I was to Gaby Deslys or Beulah Hinford or Cora Hickett or Clara Mudridge Smith or anybody else whose names and doings we see quoted in the fashionable intelligence pages of the Sunday papers."

"Well, what great matter of moment were you about to promulgate concerning the boobies and simps of this great city, since you are dying to tell it?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Oh, that's it. I was the reply. 'You thought I wished to say something and you just wouldn't let me say it!'"

"I was not!" cried Mrs. Jarr, indignantly. "All I did was to object to your using slang in the house. Possibly you are so used to it that you do not notice it, but the children pick it up and enhance me before people who doubtless think they get such expressions from me. Just to-day, Mrs. Stryver stopped Willie as he was passing her house and asked him to tell me about some over as she wished to see me about something. And when she repeated her message, knowing how forgetful children are, Willie replied: 'I gotcha, Steve, I gotcha!'"

"How do you know he did?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Because she told me about it. Said she thought it sounded so cute," replied Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, what harm was there in it if Mrs. Stryver thought it was cute?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I am not wholly in sympathy with Mrs. Stryver's idea of cuteness," retorted Mrs. Jarr. "A minute later she told me she thought little pika cute, too."

"Well, I'm sorry that I am not more guarded in my expressions," said Mr. Jarr. "But what I was going to say, if you want to hear it, was that the cheek sticking in the big hotels and restaurants in this town has become an intolerable nuisance. I tell you I, for one, intend to keep out of them until the brigandage of the courtroom is stopped for good and all!"

"Is that the reason you don't take me out to dinner?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I thought it was because we couldn't afford the dinner. You only need give me a hat box, a nickel, you know."

"Well, the principle is the same!" growled Mr. Jarr.

The Right Atmosphere.
"Yes, that old Miss Passy is really going to be married. And, say, she's determined to spend her honeymoon at Niagara Falls. IN THE FIRST PLACE—AND THEN, ELECTRICITY, WHEN FORBIDLY APPLIED, ISN'T THE MOST DESIRABLE WAY OF MAKING ONE'S EXIT FROM THIS Wretched World!"

Old Loves in New Settings

By Alma Woodward

Paolo and Francesca

FRANCESCA DE COURCY was one of those tall, slender brunettes who drape so well on Veris Marin furniture, and her life from the moment of her natal debut had been strewn with orchids and real lace—so, when it came to a question of her marriage much was expected of her.

There was a man she had met, a certain Lanciotto Gates. He was anything but beautiful—that was the consensus of opinion. He had the pale blue eyelashes eyes that remind one of those strange fishes that aren't good to eat. Besides, he was short and stocky and pigeon-toed and had rather a curtained nose—that pointed upward, not to speak of a dejected underlip!

BUT, Francesca had been told that he owned pretty nearly all the railroads in America and that within a few years he would be the little god to whom all great financiers, the world over, would salame.

At the time of the wedding she was eighteen and he forty-four. Francesca made a ravishing bride and as she stood at the altar people thought what a pity it was that Lanciotto didn't look a bit like his brother Paolo, who had come on from the West to be best man.

Directly after a short honeymoon Lanciotto was called to the scene of a great railroad strike and he left the willowy Francesca in Paolo's care. "See that she isn't bored," he ordered; "take her to lunch, tea and dinner; take her to the theatre, opera and balls—go on expense."

And Paolo did as he was commanded to do. On the Avenue, of an afternoon, his fine stalwart figure, sitting in a white touring car beside the beautiful Francesca, who was beginning to affect fair, droopy hats and pendulum earrings, became quite a thing to be pointed out to sightseers.

People began to talk—as people always will—and some slight wind of it got to Lanciotto's ears. He took the first train for New York, and, arriving at the mansion, sent for Ninette, Francesca's French maid.

A "Cement Gun."

THE "cement gun," a device for putting concrete in place by compressed air, is being used by the Quartermaster's Department, United States Army, in the Hawaiian Islands, and is proving of value in the construction of the ordnance shop at Fort Ruger. The following description of the device as used in Hawaii is furnished by Capt. A. H. Putnam, corps of engineers:

"The cement gun consists of an air compressor, a four-cylinder marine gasoline engine of twenty-horse-power, a one-inch wire-bound rubber hose with walls three-eighths inch thick for delivering dry sand and cement mixed, an ordinary garden hose for delivering water to the nozzle of the gun, and the gun or nozzle itself.

"A mixture of 1 to 2-1/2 of cement and fine sand is delivered to the nozzle at thirty pounds pressure, and just before being discharged is met by a circular spray of water of thirty pounds pressure within the nozzle, so that the wet mortar is projected on the surface to be covered. The water supply is regulated at nozzle to obtain the correct consistency."—Government Circular Report.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

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MARRIAGE is the miracle which transforms a freckle companion into a rounder.

Flirtation and office work are the oil and water which the devil sometimes tempts a man to try to mix.

To a man, the most trying thing about the modern woman is that she simply cannot help having an idea occasionally.

No, Clarice, married life doesn't mean continuous devotion; it means a continuous vaudeville, with a change of moods every twenty minutes.

Funny that a man who knows enough not to eat lobster salad with ice cream never seems to realize that it's just as bad form and just as dangerous to flirt with two women at the same time.

Good resolutions are the soothing syrup with which a man puts his conscience to sleep; he can enjoy his little follies so much more when he feels that he is just on the verge of renouncing them, you know.

Mutual faith between husband and wife is like a cobweb—easy to shatter, impossible to patch up.

In the opinion of a cynical bachelor, when it comes to matrimony all men are a sad lot and all women a sad lottery.

Memoirs of a Commuter

By Barton Wood Currie

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I Learn How to Luff the Willy Local League.

I DID NOT tell Hildegarde what was going to happen to the new canine if the programme of Yellow Beards was carried out. Her neighbors had only hinted to her of the tyrannical powers of the Love-Your-Pets League. It would have, prodigiously disturbed her equanimity to learn that the unpurged pup was foredoomed to swift extinction by the gas or powder-and-ball route to simply because he

happened to be of irregular lineage and therefore was not worthy of a license. Being unwilling to go into these harrowing details and take counsel of my wife, I sought advice in the emergency of my eccentric neighbor, Timothy Brisket. I found inventor Brisket in his study, hard at work on a chemical formula, and with two retorts and a strange looking kettle sizzling beside him. Before I could present my difficult case to him he opened up on me with a few weird allegations concerning the stuff he was mixing.

"I've got here," he said, pointing to the pink liquid in one of the retorts, "a dog that will revolutionize society. One drop of it instilled in a cup of coffee will cause the drinker thereof to be smitten with a mad desire to work. So far I have tried it on four tramps, three of whom are quite ill in the hospital. The fourth one went unsmitten, the cellar and split three cords of wood, whitewashed the walls, cleaned

the furnace and then rushed off to the town employment agency. You can imagine," he continued to rave, "what the perfection of this drug will mean—nothing less than putting the leisure class of the world to work and giving the toiling masses a rest. If you feel at all lazy today let me give you a drop."

I declined and then broached the subject of my dog. Brisket emitted a sudden gust of laughter that blew out all the lamps under his various drug cookers.

"I am laughing," he then explained, "not because you are so gloomy about the threats of this Love-Your-Pets League, but because I had a similar experience from which I emerged with the Big Smile. You may have noticed my mastiff, Bosco. Well, he was put under the ban for no other reason than that I couldn't get any record of his grandfather. This same Yellow Beards agent of the league, told me what would happen to Bosco if I didn't turn him over to be painlessly demolished by gas. Naturally I refused to be bullied."

"And the dog catchers never bothered him and the constables never shot at him?"

"Oh, should say not. All I had to do was to tie a stick of dynamite to Bosco's collar every time he went out. I labelled the dynamite 'Dynamite' and I put a sign on the dog which read, 'DANGER: HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE.' Of course, the dynamite was soaked the pink liquid in one of the retorts, and couldn't explode. But those dog catchers and the constables didn't know that. They couldn't arrest me on any charge, you see, for they couldn't produce the evidence. Now, if you wish, I will rig your dog up in the same way."

"Thanks," I replied, "but I will have to think it over."

(To Be Continued.)

Some Spook Stories

By David A. Curtis.

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The Black Ribbon and the Withered Wrist.

LORD TYRONE, an Irish nobleman, and Miss Gower, a young girl, were married to Sir Martin Borsford, were wards of the same guardian and grew up as brother and sister at the close of the eighteenth century. Having no religious faith, they pledged each other solemnly that the death of the other was to be the truth about immortality.

Not long after Lady Borsford's marriage Lord Tyrone's ghost appeared at her bedside and informed her that he had died "last Tuesday at 4 o'clock." Then he told her that she would die when she was forty-seven years old, adding numerous details of the life she would have before that time.

She refused to believe anything he said and declared that it was only a dream that she was experiencing. So to convince her he waved his hand and the heavy velvet curtains of her bed were instantly drawn up through the large iron hoop which supported them. Still she might have done that in her sleep. So he wrote his name in a pocketbook, telling her that she could not mistake his handwriting. Even that was not enough, for she said though she could not imitate his handwriting while awake she might do so in her sleep.

"You are hard of belief," said the ghost. "I might by a single touch leave a mark on your flesh that would convince you, but it would injure your reputation. It is not for spirits to touch mortal flesh."

At this she extended her hand and

demanding that he give her the proof she required. He touched her wrist and instantly the sinews shrank and all the nerves withered. Then he warned her not to allow any one to see the mark, as it would be sacrilege.

In the morning she bound a black ribbon around her wrist and was never seen again alive without such a covering, asking her husband not to demand an explanation.

She also told him that Lord Tyrone had died on the preceding Tuesday. Letters that came by the next post confirmed this.

Time went on, and all the ghost had told her of the incidents of her life was fulfilled exactly until she reached, as she supposed, her forty-eighth birthday. She imagined then that that portion of the prophecy would prove to be false. But when she wrote to a clergyman of her acquaintance about her age he declared that she was mistaken.

"I have often disputed with your mother about your age," he said, "and I happened to go last week into the parish where you were born. I was right in the dispute, for you are just forty-seven to-day."

The unhappy lady immediately retired to her room, refusing to receive the company she had invited to celebrate the day. Sending for her son and Lady Betty Cobb, a life-long friend of hers, she told them all that is here related. Saying that she would inevitably die that night she dismissed them, bidding them remove the black ribbon after her death; and then lay down to try to sleep.

In an hour she was dead; and, the ribbon being removed, her wrist was found in the exact condition she had described.

Queer Bits of Information.

"RICE" cigarette paper has no more to do with rice than the men with cheese. It is made from the shreds and scraps of flax and hemp.

Kid gloves have nothing to do with kids. They are made of the skins of sheep.

Of each dollar received by the city of New York in taxes two cents go to public charity.

Whalebone is not bone at all. It has not a single one of the many distinctive properties of bone.

Recent heavy rains have caused water to flow over the Falls of Minnehaha for the first time in two years.

Tests appear to show that the wind will carry disease-breeding bacteria 200 feet, and even sixty feet during rainfall.

Though Saxony has been a centre of civilization for long ages, one-fourth of the area of the kingdom is still covered with forests.

The Chinese have prepared an international manual, in order to make the translation of foreign languages easy and rapid.

At Hamburg, Germany, a fashionable